FANTASTIC 1950s EC COMICS!

CRIME

AN ENTERTAINING COMIC

NO. 4
AUG

CRIME SUSPENSTORIES

AN ENTERTAINING COMIC

2^00
2^50 CANADA

COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE!
AN ILLUSTRATED TERROR-TALE FROM THE HAUNT OF FEAR!

MEDICAL ODDITORIUM
YOU AND YOUR DISGUSTING PICKLED FREAKS! I HATE THEM... HATE THEM!
DON'T... DON'T... MY PRIZE SPECIMEN! I'LL KILL YOU FOR THIS, DORA!
HUMAN HEAD
TWO-HEADED
JOHNNY CRAIG

AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE FROM THE PUBLISHER

I have received many, many letters from readers of this new line of 32-page EC Comics, expressing how delighted most of you are with this new format and with the idea of starting at the beginning of each title and publishing each issue in chronological order.

Most of these letters went on to say that, even if it became necessary to increase the cover price, I should keep these comics coming.

Now that these EC Comics are no longer being distributed to newsstands, and because the distributors who supply the comic book stores do their ordering strictly on the basis of advance orders which they solicit from the comic shops, I now find it necessary to increase the cover price to $2.00

That's the bad news. The good news is that this current line of EC Comics is going to go out of print much faster than any of the previous reprints which were "overprinted" because of the newsstand distribution. My current printruns on this new series are designed to fill the distributor orders, take care of my subscribers and have a small quantity of each issues left for back-issue sales. For example, I have an inventory numbering in the thousands of all issues of the Gladstone and Russ Cochran 64-page EC reprints. It is clear to me now, looking back, that we printed too many of these. I'll probably have some of these comics for the rest of my life.

But in the new series of 32-pagers, we are already down to the point where CRYPT #1 will soon sell out and no longer be available—and this will be followed in succession by the more popular titles as they go out of print. When this happens, a secondary market will develop for this current line, and this secondary market will develop sooner and prices will escalate faster than for the 64-pagers.

The moral of the story is if you haven't completed your collection of this new series of reprints, DON'T make the mistake of thinking that you have plenty of time to do this. If you want to further support this series and ensure its continuation, and at the same time make a minor "investment" in the future values of these books, you could do so by ordering extra copies or saving a second set of your favorite titles to keep in mint condition for the future.

I hope you all will stay with me now. In my opinion, the EC Comics got better and better from 1950 through 1953, so the best of the EC material is still to come.

Dear Russ:

I was somewhat disturbed to learn that your project of reprinting the classic EC horror comics in 32-page format is not profitable, and that you may have to end it prematurely. I'll be the first to admit that I know little about the publishing business, but I feel that it is really just too early to tell if this set of reprints will be a commercial success. It would be very disappointing to have only four or five issues of these classic comics. (Having grown up in the 60s, the closest thing my generation had to the ECs was Marvel comics JOURNEY INTO MYSTERY and STRANGE TALES.) On the plus side, I feel that keeping the comics available through the comic shop market, or by subscription, is a good approach. These comics are geared toward a specific part of the market, and that market probably would not be reached through the newsstand or convenience stores. If you must raise the cover price to two dollars per copy, I feel this is fair. These comics are still a bargain, when you consider what entertainment costs today. I shall continue to subscribe as long as you offer the reprints. Please keep up the fine work!

Bruce Beighley
Waltham, MA

Dear Russ,

Please continue the quality printing of the EC horror comics. If the price per issue must go up to $2.00, this would be all right with me. The issues that I subscribe to are HAUNT, VAULT and CRYPT.

Thank you very much for the good work!

Sincerely,
Richard Jaeger
Honolulu, HI

Crime Suspenstories (USPS 009302) Vol. 1, No. 4, August 1993. Published quarterly in November, February, May and August by Russ Cochran, Publisher, 202 Ald, West Plains, MO 65775-3532. **Second-class postage paid at West Plains, MO.** Entire contents © 1993 by William M. Gaines, Agent, Inc. Crime Suspenstories #4 © 1951 by L.L. Publishing Co., Inc., re © 1983 by William M. Gaines, Agent, Inc. All rights reserved. Nothing herein contained may be reproduced without the written permission of William M. Gaines, New York, New York. Annual subscription rate $8 ($12 outside US payable in US funds). Printed in U.S.A. **Postmaster: send address changes to Crime Suspenstories, Russ Cochran, PO Box 469, West Plains, MO 65775-0469.**

JOHNNY CRAIG

BACKLASH!

I HAVE IT! I HAVE IT! WHAT AN IDEA! AT LAST I'LL BE A SUCCESS!

HA! HA! IT'S WONDERFUL! THE GREATEST PLOT FOR A MYSTERY STORY EVER CONCEIVED! AND IT'S FOOLPROOF!

FOR YEARS MYSTERY WRITERS HAVE BEEN SEARCHING FOR A LOGICAL, WORKABLE METHOD BY WHICH A CRIME COULD BE COMMITTED BEHIND THE LOCKED DOORS OF A SEALED ROOM! AND I'VE FOUND IT!

IT'S ALMOST TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE! I'VE DEVISED A WAY TO ENTER A LOCKED ROOM... AND TO EXIT FROM IT, LEAVING ALL DOORS AND WINDOWS LOCKED AND BOLTED FROM THE INSIDE!

WHY, IT'S A WAY TO COMMIT THE PERFECT CRIME! THIS STORY WILL SELL LIKE WILDFIRE! LET'S SEE, NOW... WHAT SHOULD I CALL IT? HOW SHOULD I BEGIN?...

FOR THREE DAYS AND NIGHTS, DAVE WILTON POUNDS HIS TYPEWRITER KEYS AS IF HIS VERY LIFE DEPENDS ON IT. FINALLY, THE STORY IS FINISHED AND IN THE MAILBOX...
AH! IN A FEW DAYS, I'LL PROBABLY FIND A BIG, FAT, JUICY CHECK IN THE MAIL!
BEWARE YOUR DOG

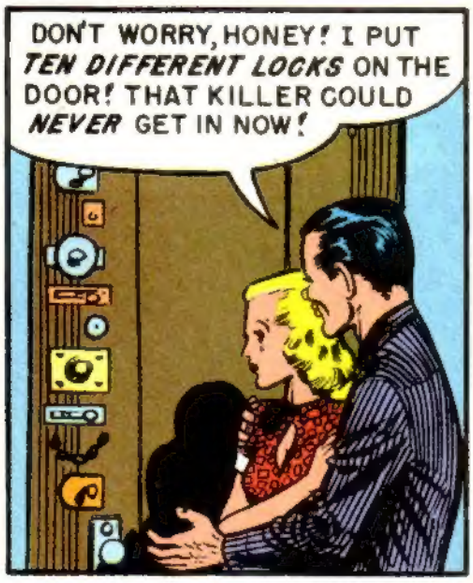
INSTEAD OF AN EXPECTED CHECK, DAVE FINDS...
A REJECTION SLIP! BUT... BUT... WHY, MY ENVELOPE WASN'T EVEN OPENED! THEY DIDN'T EVEN READ MY STORY!

WELL, THAT'S THEIR HARD LUCK! I'LL JUST SEND IT TO ANOTHER PUBLISHING HOUSE!
2

AND DAVE DOES MAIL IT TO ANOTHER PUBLISHER! A FEW DAYS LATER...
'SORRY. NOT ACCEPTING ANY UNSOLICITED MATERIAL AT THIS TIME!'
BAH!
THEY DIDN'T READ IT, EITHER! THE FOOLS! WHY WON'T THEY GIVE ME A CHANCE?
I'LL KEEP SENDING IT OUT! SOMEONE WILL READ IT... AND THEN MY WORRIES WILL BE OVER...
THE WEEKS PASS AND STILL DAVE'S STORY KEEPS RETURNING... UNOPENED, UNREAD... FROM EVERY PUBLISHER HE SENDS IT TO...
FIVE! FIVE TIMES IT'S COME BACK! THEY WON'T EVEN READ IT! WHAT'S THE MATTER? (SOB)
(SOB) I'LL... I'LL TRY ONCE MORE! THE HARNOLD PUBLISHING HOUSE MIGHT... MIGHT (SOB) OH, WHAT'S THE USE? THEY'LL PROBABLY REJECT IT, TOO!
MYSTERY PLOTS
DEEP IN SORROW, DAVE DROWNS HIS WOES AT THE CORNER SALOON FOR MANY HOURS...
STINKIN' PUBLISHERS! WON'T EVEN GIMME A CHANCE! WON'T EVEN READ MY STUFF! HERE I AM WITH A STORY ABOUT A PERFECT CRIME, AND...
? PERFECT CRIME?
Harnold Publishing House
42 Grand Square
Metropolis
OF COURSE! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THIS BEFORE? I DON'T NEED THOSE... THOSE MISERLY, PUNK PUBLISHERS! I KNOW HOW TO COMMIT THE PERFECT CRIME!
3

SEVERAL HOURS LATER...
WHA..? WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT?
I WANT MONEY! ALL YOU HAVE... AND QUICK!
YOU'LL GET NOTHING... YOU DRUNKEN CROOK!
ALL RIGHT... YOU ASKED FOR IT!
BLAM BLAM! BLAM!
THE NEXT MORNING, BLARING HEADLINES GREET AN AMAZED PUBLIC...
NEWS-STAR
NOTED EXEC
FOUND
Tribune
IFFITH MURDERED
FINANCIER FOUND DEAD IN ROOM WITH EXITS LOCKED
AND THE FOLLOWING DAY, THE POLICE FIND...
...ANOTHER ONE, CHIEF! SAME AS YESTERDAY!
MURDERED AND ROBBED... ALL DOORS AND WINDOWS LOCKED FROM THE INSIDE!
COULDN'T IT BE SUICIDE, CHIEF?
IMPOSSIBLE! NO DEATH WEAPON AROUND! A PERSON DOESN'T KILL HIMSELF AND THEN DISPOSE OF THE GUN!
ECOND DEATH
LOCKED-ROOM"
LOCKED-ROOM KILLER
GLOBE
CITY TENSE AS POLICE ARE BAFFLED BY KILLER!
NO CLUES FOUND!
CITY AWAITS NEXT VICTIM IN MOUNTING TERROR!
4

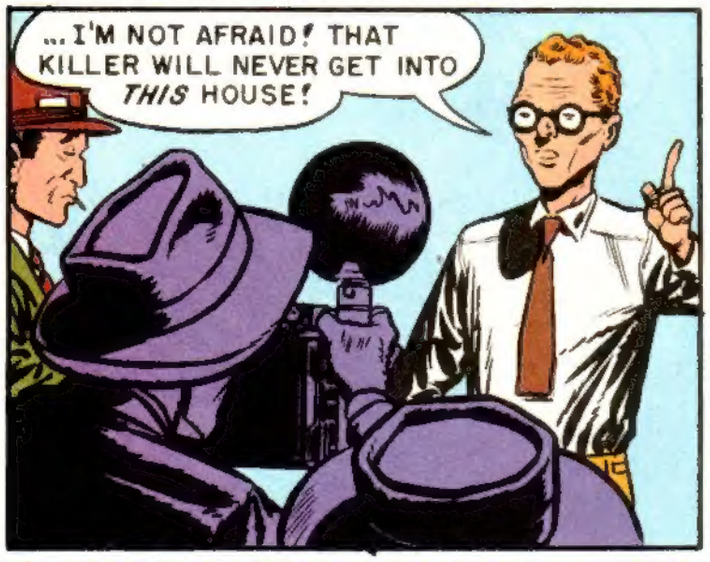
A CITY HELD IN THE GRIP OF *FEAR*...

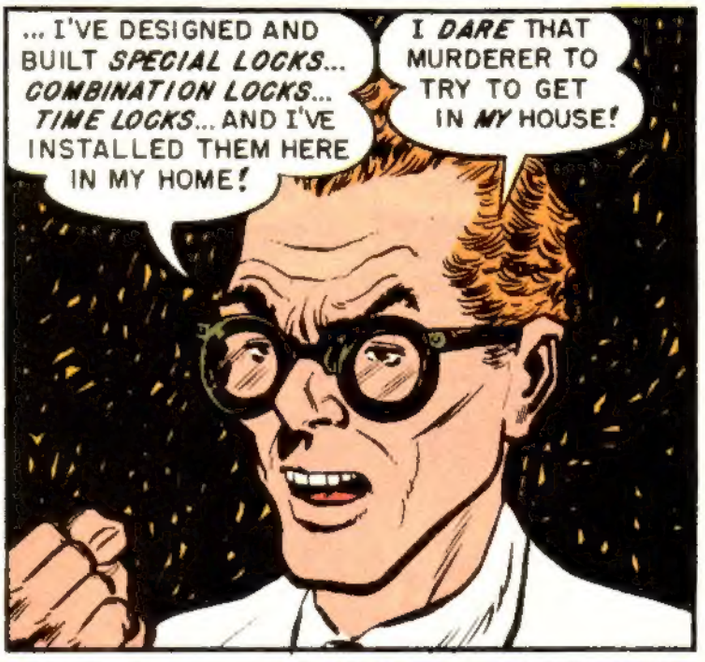


AN ENTIRE CITY QUAKING IN HORROR WITH EACH PASSING NIGHT...

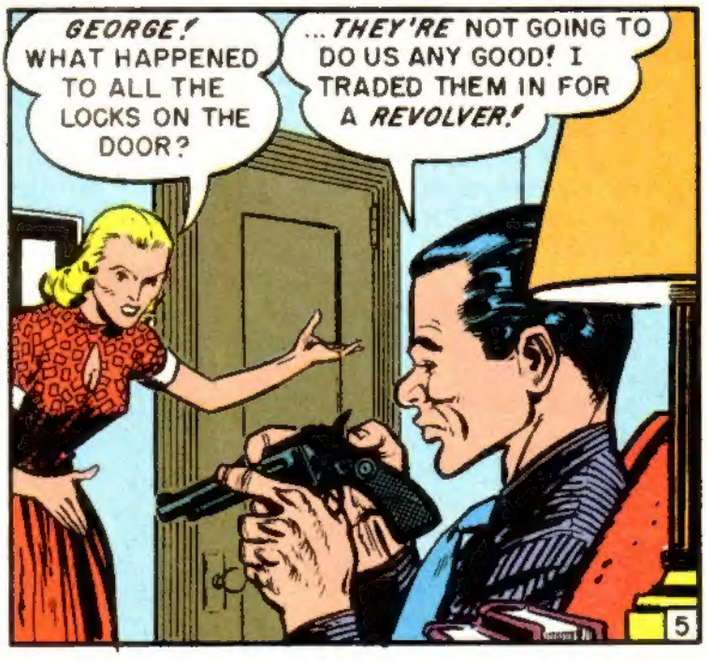
...A CITY TREMBLING WITH THE QUESTION..."WHO'S NEXT?"

AND FROM IT ALL THERE RISES A HERO TO COME FORTH AND ISSUE A CHALLENGE...A HERO NAMED *MATTHEW KEE... LOCKSMITH!*




...I'VE DESIGNED AND BUILT *SPECIAL LOCKS*... *COMBINATION LOCKS*... *TIME LOCKS*... AND I'VE INSTALLED THEM HERE IN MY HOME!
I *DARE* THAT MURDERER TO TRY TO GET IN *MY* HOUSE!

A HERO STANDING FACE TO FACE WITH DEATH! AND NEXT MORNING MATTHEW KEE IS...A *DEAD* HERO...



BOY! HAVE YOU SEEN THE LATEST ABOUT THE LOCKED-ROOM KILLER?
YEH! AIN'T IT AWFUL? ME AN' THE WIFE ARE A-SCARED TO STAY HOME NIGHTS!
THE COPS DON'T KNOW IF THEY'RE COMIN' OR GOIN'!
YOU OUGHTA SEE MY OFFICE! EVERYBODY'S TOO AFRAID TO SLEEP AT NIGHT, SO WE ALL SNOOZE ALL DAY AT WORK! NOTHIN' GETS DONE!
FOR ONCE IN YOUR LIFE YOU'RE LUCKY THAT YOU'RE MARRIED! I LIVE ALL ALONE!
YEH! WELL, IT CAN'T LAST FOREVER! THE COPS WILL CATCH UP WITH TH' KILLER!
?
HO HA HA HO HO HA HA!
HA!
HO
HA HA!
HA HA!
HO HA
HA
HO
?
HA! HA! WHAT A LAUGH! THE COPS WILL NEVER GET ME! AND EVEN IF THEY DO, THEY'LL HAVE TO PROVE HOW I GOT IN AND OUT OF THOSE LOCKED-ROOMS!
AHH-HRR! THE WHOLE THING IS COCKEYED! I SIT HERE ALL DAY, DRINKING AWAY THE MONEY I'VE MURDERED FOR!
IT'S ALL WRONG! I'M A WRITER, NOT A KILLER! IT'S ALL WRONG! AHHR! BETTER GO HOME... GET SOME SLEEP...
6

THE NEXT NIGHT...
WHOOSH! I FEEL AWFUL! BETTER DRINK SOME BLACK COFFEE!
...MUST'VE SLEPT ALL DAY! SAY, WHAT'S THAT OVER THERE UNDER THE DOOR? LOOKS LIKE AN ENVELOPE ...
WHY...IT'S MY STORY! SENT BACK FROM THE HARNOLD PUBLISHING HOUSE! BUT... IT'S BEEN OPENED THIS TIME! THEY READ IT!
? SAY, THAT'S NOT GOOD! WHOEVER READ MY STORY AT HARNOLD'S KNOWS I'M THE LOCKED-ROOM KILLER!
WAIT A MINUTE... I'M ALL CONFUSED!
I MUST HAVE MAILED THIS STORY TO HARNOLD'S WHILE I WAS DRUNK! WHOEVER OPENED AND READ MY STORY MUST HAVE CONNECTED THE NEWSPAPER HEADLINES WITH ME...
...YET THIS RETURN LETTER TO ME IS POSTMARKED SEVERAL DAYS AGO! I DON'T GET IT AT ALL!
EH? SAY... WHAT'S THIS? YESTERDAY'S PAPER!
HERALD
PUBLISHER KILLED!
JACQUES HARNOLD LATEST VICTIM!!!
POLICE BAFFLED!
CITY IN TERROR!
7

GREAT SCOTT! THIS EXPLAINS EVERYTHING! HARNOLD WAS MURDERED THE DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY... A LOCKED-ROOM VICTIM! BUT I DIDN'T KILL HIM!
IT'S SIMPLE NOW! WHOEVER READ MY STORY IS HARNOLD'S MURDERER! THAT'S WHY THE POLICE WEREN'T TOLD ABOUT ME!
HARNOLD'S MURDERER COULDN'T TELL THE POLICE THAT I'M THE REAL LOCKED-ROOM KILLER WITHOUT ENDANGERING HIMSELF!
...BUT NOW HE KNOWS WHO I AM! AND THAT'S DANGEROUS FOR ME! THEY MIGHT BE ABLE TO PIN HARNOLD'S DEATH ON ME TOO, IN SOME WAY... IF THE COPS FOUND OUT ABOUT MY STORY...
THEY'D NEVER BELIEVE ANYTHING I SAY...HMM...COME TO THINK OF IT, I'M JUST AS DANGEROUS TO HARNOLD'S MURDERER... AS HE IS TO ME! HMM...
I'D BETTER GET RID OF HIM, JUST TO BE SAFE!! THAT IS...
...THAT IS, IF HE DOESN'T GET THE SAME IDEA! BLAZES! HE CAN COMMIT A LOCKED-ROOM MURDER TOO! HE MIGHT BE PLANNING TO KILL ME RIGHT NOW!
EXACTLY!
-THE END-

MY NAME? WHAT DOES IT MATTER! CALL ME THELMA! MY LAST NAME IS UNIMPORTANT! WHY AM I HERE? I'LL TELL YOU IF YOU HAVE THE TIME TO LISTEN! YOU DO? SIT DOWN... IT'S NOT A COMFORTABLE CHAIR... BUT IT WILL HAVE TO SUFFICE... FOR IT'S ALL I CAN OFFER YOU! GOOD... THEN I'LL BEGIN: THE WHOLE THING STARTED A YEAR OR SO AGO... WHEN THE INSURANCE SALESMAN RANG MY BELL...

YES?

MAY I COME IN, MA'AM? I'D LIKE TO SPEAK TO YOU .. ABOUT INSURANCE!

I ALMOST SLAMMED THE DOOR IN HIS FACE, BUT WHEN I TOOK A SECOND LOOK, I NOTICED THAT HE WAS YOUNG... AND HANDSOME! I GO FOR A YOUNG HANDSOME GUY, SO I LET HIM IN...

OH, BROTHER!

I PRESUME, MA'AM, THAT YOU ARE MARRIED! HAVE YOU EVER STOPPED TO THINK WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE IF YOUR HUSBAND WAS SUDDENLY... TAKEN FROM YOU?

IT HAD SLIPPED OUT! I WATCHED THE YOUNG GUY'S FACE AS HE COUGHED AND BLUSHED...
WELL IT HASN'T BEEN ANY PICNIC THESE LAST FEW YEARS! I'M NOT GETTING ANY YOUNGER!
I...I... MEANT THAT IF IT WERE TO HAPPEN, WOULD YOU BE TAKEN CARE OF... FINANCIALLY?
HE WAS STAMMERING... AND RED-FACED! A KID! MAYBE TWENTY-TWO! HE WAS GOING TO BE EASY...
DON'T YOU THINK I COULD TAKE CARE OF MYSELF?
I...I PRE-SUME... ER... I... NOW THIS POLICY...
I NEVER HAVE ANY FUN ANYMORE! HE TREATS ME SO BADLY! SO BADLY...
TH... THIS POLICY IS DESIGNED FOR THE YOUNG WIFE WHO... SUDDENLY ... FINDS...
IT WAS LIKE TAKING CANDY FROM A BABY! I PUT MY LIPS UP CLOSE... REAL CLOSE TO HIS... AND HE WAS A GONER...
TEN-THOUSAND... LUMP SUM... OR... MONTHLY... PAYMENTS... AH... AH...
KISS ME!
HE KISSED! I HAD HIM! WELL, I AIN'T SUCH A BAD LOOKER, AM I? YOU WOULD HAVE IF YOU WERE HIM, WOULDN'TYA? AFTER IT WAS OVER, HE WAS EMBARRASSED AND UNCOMFORTABLE... SO I TOOK HIS SILLY POLICY TO SQUARE THINGS...
J-JUST SIGN HERE, THELMA!
SURE THING!
I PAID HIM THE FIRST PREMIUM AND HE MADE AN AWKWARD EXIT! OF COURSE I NEVER SAW HIM AGAIN! HIS KIND WOULD AVOID ME LIKE THE PLAGUE AFTER THAT! I TOSSED HIS POLICY IN A DRAWER AND PLOPPED ON THE COUCH! I FELT LIKE A GIRL AGAIN! A SILLY TEEN-AGED GIRL...
YOU HOME, THELMA?
NO, SAM! I'M OUT... PAINTING THE TOWN!
SAM WAS MY HUSBAND! WHEN WE WERE FIRST MARRIED I GUESS HE WAS OKAY! BUT AFTER FIVE YEARS, HE'D GOTTEN FAT AND SLOPPY! I HATED HIM...
WHERE'SA EVENING PAPER, THELMA?
YOU GONNA SIT DOWN WITH THAT RAG FOR THE REST OF THE NIGHT? WHY DON'T YOU TAKE ME OUT FOR A CHANGE?
2

THAT'S THE WAY IT HAD BEEN THE LAST FEW YEARS! SAM WOULD COME HOME, WET AND DIRTY, AND FALL INTO A CHAIR WITH HIS ROTTEN PAPER! AND WHEN I'D ASK HIM ABOUT GOING OUT FOR A CHANGE, HE'D ALWAYS ANSWER...

AW, THEL! YOU KNOW I'M POOPED OUT AFTER A DAY'S WORK! GIMME A BREAK... LE'ME REST TONIGHT!

SURE I HATED HIM! HE MADE ME OLD BEFORE MY TIME! I WANTED *FUN, EXCITEMENT*... I WANTED TO ENJOY MY LIFE WHILE I WAS STILL YOUNG.

YOU SAY THAT *EVERY* NIGHT! WELL, I'M *SICK* OF IT... SICK, D'YA *HEAR*... *SICK OF IT!*

AW, THEL! CUT IT OUT... WILL YA?

SUDDENLY I HEARD HIS VOICE...THE YOUNG KID'S VOICE THAT HAD BEEN THERE THAT AFTERNOON... RINGING IN MY EARS...

HAVE YOU EVER STOPPED TO THINK OF WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE IF YOUR HUSBAND WAS SUDDENLY TAKEN FROM YOU?

I KNEW, THEN! I KNEW WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE! I'D BE YOUNG AGAIN... HAVE FUN... RUN AROUND... WITH GUYS LIKE THAT ONE THAT AFTERNOON...THE ONE THAT SOLD ME...

THE *POLICY!* HE'S EVEN *INSURED, NOW!* WHAT WAS IT? TEN-THOUSAND?

I WENT TO THE DRAWER AND BROUGHT IT OUT! I LOOKED IT OVER! YEAH! TEN-THOUSAND BUCKS... AND *DOUBLE INDEMNITY* IN CASE OF ACCIDENTAL DEATH! *TWENTY GRAND!* I WHISTLED...

HUH? YOU SAY SOMETHIN' THEL? YOU CALL ME?

NAW! GO BACK TO READIN' YOUR PAPER!

IT WOULD HAVE TO LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT! I RACKED MY BRAIN! AND THEN IT CAME TO ME... A PLAN! I TIP-TOED TO THE FIREPLACE AND PICKED UP THE HEAVIEST POKER! THEN I MOVED TOWARD HIM! HE DIDN'T HEAR ME! HE WAS TOO ENGROSSED IN HIS ROTTEN EVENING PAPER...

I BROUGHT THE POKER DOWN ON HIS HEAD WITH ALL OF THE STRENGTH I COULD MUSTER! IT FELT SOFT, AS THE POKER CRUSHED AND SPLINTERED HIS SKULL...

SHOCKED? DON'T BE! I WASN'T! I WAS COLD AS ICE! HE HAD IT COMING! HE FELL TO THE FLOOR IN A FAT QUIVERING HEAP...
NOW TO GET HIM TO THE GARAGE!
I DRAGGED HIS SAGGY SLOPPY BODY TO THE GARAGE AND STUFFED HIM INTO THE FRONT SEAT OF OUR CAR! CAR! I HAVE TO LAUGH! IT WAS A '37 CHEVY! WE STILL OWED SIXTY BUCKS ON IT...
NOW...START...FOR PETE'S SAKE!
I PRESSED MY FOOT ON THE STARTER! SHE TURNED OVER WEAKLY AND CAUGHT! I BREATHED A SIGH OF RELIEF! THE BATTERY WAS ALMOST DEAD! I STUCK MY HEAD OUT OF THE WINDOW...
C'MON, SAM! WE'LL BE LATE FOR THE FIRST SHOW...
THAT WAS FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE NEIGHBORS! I BACKED THE CAR OUT OF THE ALLEY AND SPED AWAY! I KNEW JUST THE SPOT! I PULLED UP AT A SHARP TURN IN THE ROAD...
THIS'LL DO FINE!
I GOT OUT! I RELEASED THE BRAKE AND SHOVED! THE CAR CRAWLED TO THE EDGE AND STARTED OVER...
CAR COMING...
I HAD TO ACT FAST! I HURLED MYSELF DOWN THE INCLINE AFTER THE TUMBLING, CRASHING CAR! I ALMOST STARTED TO LAUGH AS I ROLLED OVER AND OVER...LIKE A KID AGAIN... ROLLING DOWN A GRASSY HILL... DOWN... DOWN...
THEN I HIT SOMETHING, AND EVERYTHING WENT BLACK! MUST HAVE BEEN THE CAR! WHEN I CAME TO, A CROWD HAD GATHERED! I WAS ALL BANDAGED! I STARTED TO PUT ON THE ACT...
SAM! MY HUSBAND... WHERE IS HE? WHERE IS HE?
TAKE IT EASY, LADY! BRACE YOURSELF! I'VE GOT SOME BAD NEWS.
4

IT WAS SO PERFECT... SO PERFECT! I HAD ROLLED OVER SOME SMASHED GLASS... GOT ALL CUT UP! IT LOOKED LIKE I WAS THROWN THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD, I GUESS! ANYWAY, THE INQUEST ABSOLVED ME...
IT IS THE JUDGEMENT OF THIS COURT THAT SAMUEL BRENTON'S DEATH WAS BY ACCIDENTAL CAUSES, AND THAT NO NEGLIGENCE CAN BE CHARGED! YOU ARE FREE TO GO...
AND THEN THE INSURANCE COMPANY PAID OFF! TWENTY-THOUSAND SMACKERS! MY PROBLEMS WERE SOLVED...
HERE YOU ARE, MRS. BRENTON! JUST SIGN THIS FORM AND HERE'S YOUR CHECK! YOU ARE SURE YOU WOULDN'T RATHER HAVE THE MONTHLY ALLOTMENT...
ER... NO! THE LUMP SUM WILL BE MOST SATISFACTORY!
OH, WHAT A TIME I HAD SPENDING THAT LOOT! FIRST I GOT ME A WARDROBE OF FLASHY CLOTHES...
THAT'S NICE! I'LL TAKE THAT ONE, TOO!
...AND A FLASHY CAR...
WILL YOU FINANCE THIS, MA'AM?
CASH, BUSTER! CASH!
I MOVED OUT OF THAT RAT-TRAP AND GOT ME A LUXURIOUS APARTMENT...
...ONLY THREE HUNDRED A MONTH!
I'LL TAKE IT!
THEN I BEGAN TO LIVE! THEATERS! NIGHT-CLUBS! SOCIAL LIFE! ONE BIG CONTINUOUS WILD SPREE...
AND ONE DAY I MET GEORGE! HE WAS RICH... ONE OF THE FOUR-HUNDRED... AND HE WAS EASY...
I... I'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU ALL EVENING! MY NAME IS GEORGE... GEORGE TOSKER!
YOU CAN CALL ME THELMA, GEORGE! DANCE?
5

THAT WAS THE BEGINNING OF IT! WE SAW EACH OTHER OFTEN AFTER THAT... FOR COCKTAILS... DINNERS... SHOWS...

I'M GROWING VERY *FOND* OF YOU, THELMA DEAR!

AND *I* OF *YOU*, GEORGE!

GO AHEAD! LAUGH, IF YOU LIKE! I MEANT IT! OH, AT FIRST I MIGHT HAVE BEEN AFTER HIS LOOT... BUT AFTER A FEW DATES WITH GEORGE, I REALIZED I WAS FALLING IN *LOVE*...

YOU MAKE ME FEEL LIKE A *YOUNG GIRL* AGAIN, GEORGE!

YOU'RE A LOVELY THING, THELMA! *MARRY ME!*

WE WERE MARRIED A FEW WEEKS LATER! AFTER THE CEREMONY, BEFORE WE LEFT ON OUR HONEYMOON, GEORGE INSISTED ON TAKING CARE OF A FEW LEGAL MATTERS...

MY INSURANCE, THELMA! I HAVE TO CHANGE THE BENEFICIARY, NOW!

IT WAS A LITTLE THING, *THEN!* I PASSED IT OFF LIGHTLY! I NEVER SUSPECTED HOW IMPORTANT IT WOULD BECOME...

C'MON, DEAR! WE'VE GOT TO MAKE IT BY NIGHTFALL!

I'M READY, GEORGE!

WE WERE DRIVING TO GEORGE'S SUMMER PLACE UPSTATE FOR OUR HONEYMOON! WE LAUGHED AND CHATTERED ALL THE WAY.

LET ME DRIVE FOR A WHILE, GEORGE! YOU MUST BE TIRED!

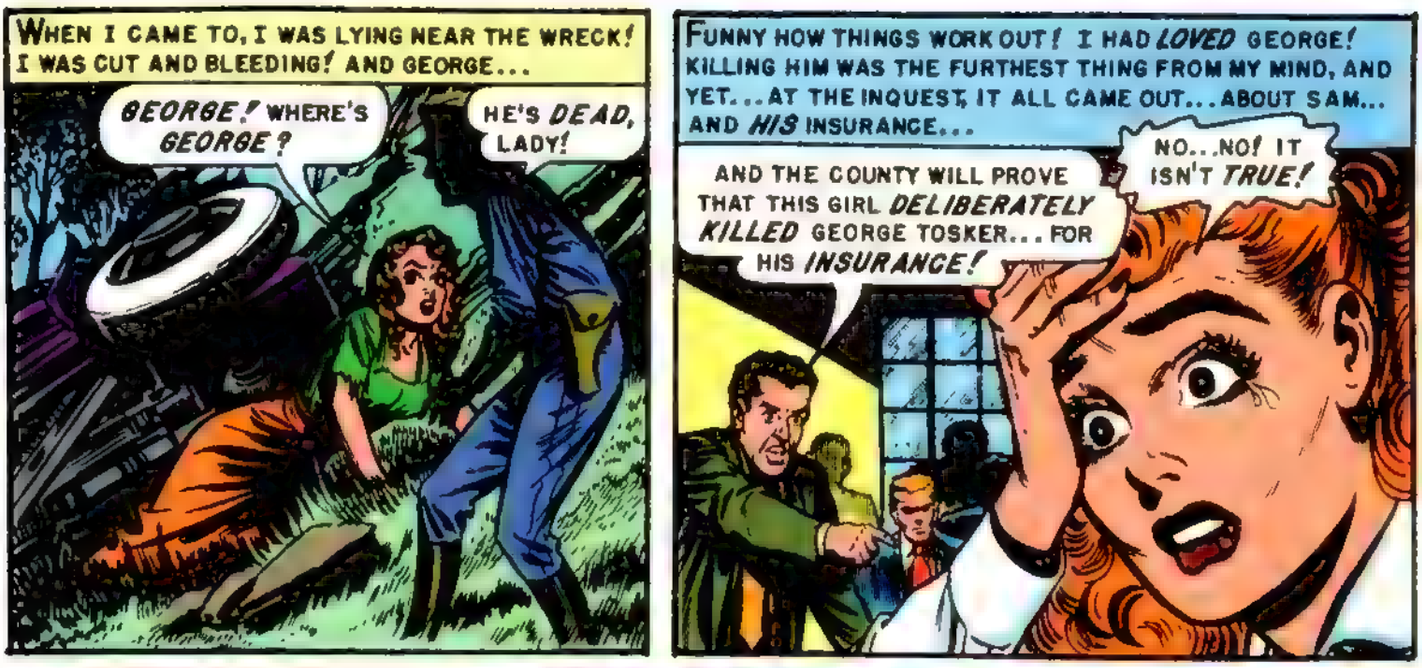
SURE, THELMA! I'LL PULL OVER!

I TOOK THE WHEEL ABOUT FIFTY MILES FROM OUR DESTINATION! I WAS SO *HAPPY!* MY PAST LIFE WAS GONE NOW... SO MUCH WATER UNDER THE BRIDGE! GEORGE WAS IT NOW... *ALL OF IT* FOR *ME*...

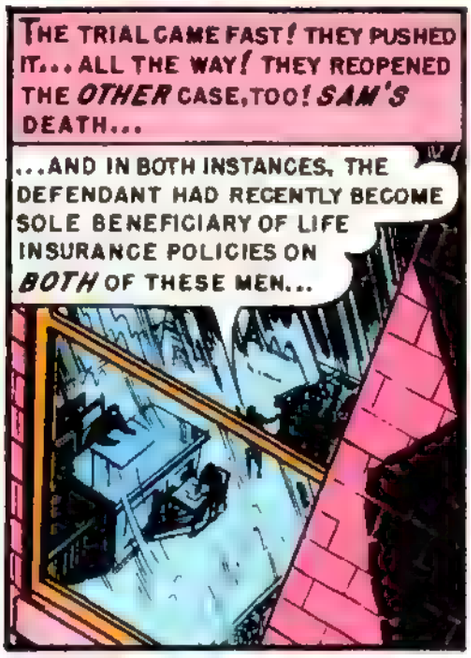
I *LOVE* YOU, GEORGE!

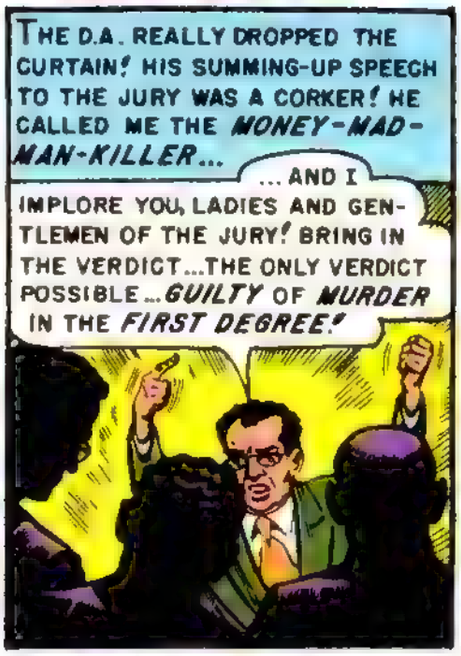
I'M *GLAD*, THELMA!

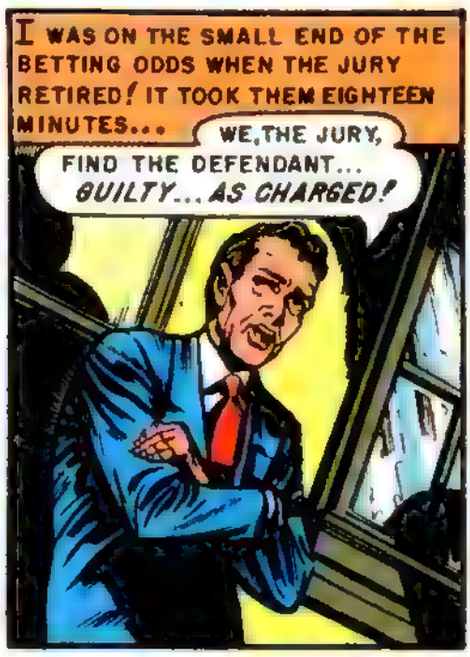
I MUST HAVE TAKEN MY EYES OFF THE ROAD! I NEVER SAW THE CURVE! THERE WAS A SPLINTERING SOUND AS THE CAR PLUNGED THROUGH THE WOODEN FENCE DOWN INTO THE RAVINE...


WHEN I CAME TO, I WAS LYING NEAR THE WRECK! I WAS CUT AND BLEEDING! AND GEORGE...
GEORGE! WHERE'S GEORGE?
HE'S DEAD, LADY!

FUNNY HOW THINGS WORK OUT! I HAD LOVED GEORGE! KILLING HIM WAS THE FURTHEST THING FROM MY MIND, AND YET...AT THE INQUEST, IT ALL CAME OUT...ABOUT SAM... AND HIS INSURANCE...
AND THE COUNTY WILL PROVE THAT THIS GIRL DELIBERATELY KILLED GEORGE TOSKER... FOR HIS INSURANCE!
NO...NO! IT ISN'T TRUE!


THE TRIAL CAME FAST! THEY PUSHED IT...ALL THE WAY! THEY REOPENED THE OTHER CASE, TOO! SAM'S DEATH...
...AND IN BOTH INSTANCES, THE DEFENDANT HAD RECENTLY BECOME SOLE BENEFICIARY OF LIFE INSURANCE POLICIES ON BOTH OF THESE MEN...


THE D.A. REALLY DROPPED THE CURTAIN! HIS SUMMING-UP SPEECH TO THE JURY WAS A CORKER! HE CALLED ME THE MONEY-MAD-MAN-KILLER...
... AND I IMPLORE YOU, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY! BRING IN THE VERDICT...THE ONLY VERDICT POSSIBLE...GUILTY OF MURDER IN THE FIRST DEGREE!


I WAS ON THE SMALL END OF THE BETTING ODDS WHEN THE JURY RETIRED! IT TOOK THEM EIGHTEEN MINUTES...
WE, THE JURY, FIND THE DEFENDANT... GUILTY...AS CHARGED!

AND THAT'S THE STORY! THAT'S WHY I'M HERE! I'VE GOT ABOUT FIVE MINUTES LEFT! THEN THEY'RE GOING TO TAKE ME INTO THAT ROOM DOWN THERE... THE ONE WITH THE GREEN DOOR!

I WONDER WHETHER GEORGE KNOWS I DIDN'T MEAN TO KILL HIM! MAYBE HE'S MET SAM SOMEWHERE UP THERE AND THEY'VE COMPARED NOTES! WELL, I DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT RUNNING ACROSS THEM ANYHOW...NOT WHERE I'M GOING!
THE END

Thank you fine folks for your great efforts to faithfully reprint the EC comics. In the day of VCRs and Personal Computers, sitting back with a comic like CRIME makes for a very satisfying and chilling diversion. With all the advances in film effects, reading EC allows you to get back to the fundamentals of good horror, using suggestion and implication to create suspense, atmosphere and mood. It allows one's imagination to conjure up the horrors, which can be even more frightening than watching it displayed for you on the screen. And the art of such greats as "Ghastly" Graham Ingels and Jack Davis can be savored over and over again. To see these stories before one had to either meet the steep asking price of many dealers for original issues, or buy the complete boxed sets. EC comics can once again, inexpensively, terrify and delight fans. Keep the chills coming!

Ronald S. Rogowski
Palatine, IL

Another load from our walk-in cooler is on the way! Mindsicles!

Dear Russ

Here you have a fan for life. I always bought ECs as a boy and now at 56 years of age I am thrilled they are back

It's hard to express in words the depth and magnitude of comics such as EC. I might say that nothing is left to the imagination, but better yet the closer I look, the more there is. Being a bachelor and unemployed, I spend many hours with EC, tuning my mind with them, enjoying them, and treasuring them

My favorite artist is Ghastly Graham Ingels, but I enjoy all the artwork and 80% of the plots. I've been speaking mostly of the horror comics, but I enjoy the SF too. They are breathtaking and unfathomable CRIME and SHOCK are ingenious

I enjoy other types of early comics, too-LOONEY TUNES and MERRIE MELODIES, LITTLE LULU, romance crime etc., and EC needn't take second place to any

I read the letters on your letter pages which are always so cynical and sardonic (although appreciative), and so I guess this letter will seem down to earth and sincere. That's good

John A Corgliana
Philadelphia, PA

Salute, Brother John!

Dear Russ,

I was very impressed when I read CRIME #3. It had very good stories, except in "Poison!" you never told us if the man who was poisoned died or not. I liked "The Giggling Killer" story a lot. It had a very good storyline. In "Faced with Horror!" did the guy kill himself or did he get plastic surgery again? My favorite story was "Blood Red Wine!" but did Ramon live to tell the tale, because I figured he would go looking for him and find him in the wall barely alive Well finally, I'll give you my opinion on this comic book: I like it a lot!

Tim Fox
Oaklawn, IL

We'll let The Old Witch, CRIME's resident GhouLunatic, explain the gory details:

[The guy in "Poison!" died alright, the specifics of the dosage required were obscured in the story but it was "small;" even if it meant small tumblers the doc gave him TWO!

Ballo from "Wine!" was stuck in the low-ceilinged entryway and under the wine-line, wrestling with barrel staves; Ramon, walled up in the high-ceilinged niche, knew there was air above but was securely chained! Reminds me of the obstacle course in boot camp in the Ghoul Corpse. (I was in the W.A.P.S.—Witches' Auxiliary Philter Squadron). That's why it was up to ME to tell the tale!

The "Faced With Horror!" guy didn't have enuf facecovering left to make a coinpurse, but he asked my advice and I told him, "It's no skin off my...," well, I forget my exact words, but when he left his eyes were gleaming like the seat of a cheap suit. Got a match? —OW]

Thanks. I think.

Dear Russ

I collect eight of your nine EC reprint titles (not TWO-FISTED TALES) The quarterly schedule gives me two or three ECs per month—all different. Many times when I'm reading I find myself checking the copyright date These comics may have been originally published in the 1950s but they are extraordinarily durable. The stories that I've encountered thus far tend to fall into two categories ageless/timeless tales, and those which are tremendously far-sighted

These stories are as relevant today as when they were first written. Human emotions, I am willing to bet, have never really changed, and the fascinating part is that these short stories deal with their topics so thoroughly

Adrianne Cook
Seattle WA

That's us, the ageless/timeless smorgasbord of the mind (soon to be a Douglas Adams book title). Very sharp observations, and we thank you for the compliments—mindful that the REAL recipients of the compliments are the original EC gang.

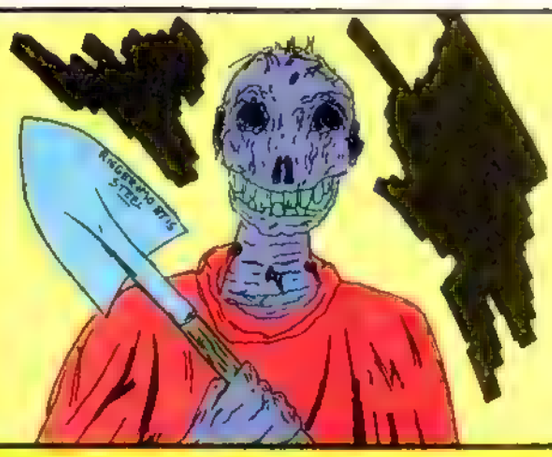
What's wrong with TWO-FISTED?

This month: HAUNT #4 and WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY #4. Next month: The 5th issues of CRYPT, WEIRD SCIENCE and SHOCK. Don't forget VAULT, WEIRD FANTASY and TWO-FISTED. Get them at your local comic book shop or SUBSCRIBE (see our ad in this comic for details)!

We want MORE letters! Write to:
CRIME
RUSS COCHRAN
POB 469
WEST PLAINS MO 65775

THIS COMIC REPRINTS
CRIME SUSPENSTORIES #4 (APR/MAY 1951)

'Backlash!'	Johnny Craig
Premium Overdue!'	Jack Kamen
'Conniver!'	Jack Davis
'Heads-Up!'	Graham Ingels



HEADING ILLO by, well, let him explain it:

I've included a drawing of my friend He's a gravedigger. He (or it) wants to know if he can get a date with the Old Witch. (He thinks she's a real babe) Maybe if he and the Old Witch got together they could start their own cemetary

Steve Mason
Naples, FL

You can't fool me! That's the actor who plays me on the HBO series! I'd never seen him without his makeup. No, OW won't go out with him. She never dates anyone prettier than she is! But, on with the CRYPT-KEEPER'S...

PAGE OF FINE ARTS #7

DUNGEON

Down into the dungeon of fear and terror; candles lighting the way, flicking indistinct shadows across clammy stone walls

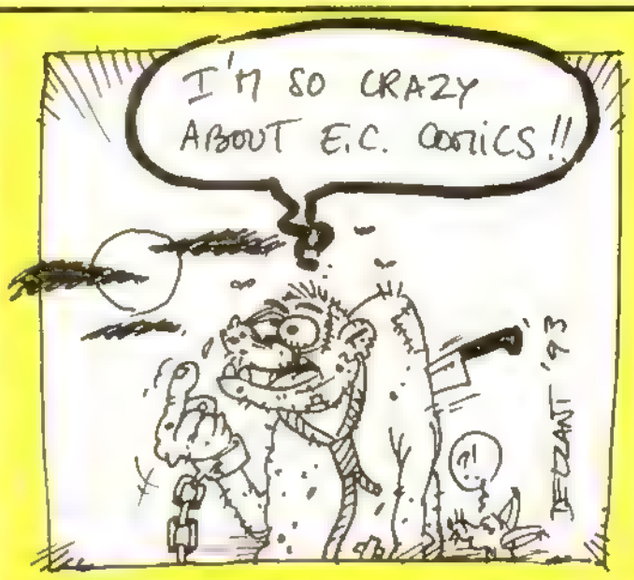
The adventurers move cautiously through the winding, perilous labyrinth, knowing danger possibly lurks around every corner. The stench of death and decay singes their nostrils with pungent potency and a draft passes by wrapping around them with the icy, chilling touch of dread The air had fetid stagnation to it, and it offered a tomb-like quiet with no more than the hauntingly faint, distant sound of dripping water and the clicking of their boot heels on the hard tiled floor to be heard Then a screech! Maybe a bat? Maybe a wraith?

Their torches reveal a secret room, the torturer's play chamber, where aged devices are arrayed in a gruesome display. Remnants of carnage can still be seen in bone-strewn heaps. A skeleton was strapped to the rack, the mouth on the skull in a twisted cry of torment The cries and walling of those tortured linger down in this dreary, dank cavern

The black knights walk down many flights of large stone steps, plunging deeper, deeper into the dungeon's depths and they explore long passageways within the bowels of this forbidden place They both hope to see the light of day again But something stirs and shifts, scales glistening and glittering like jewels in the dim glow of torch light Maybe it is the marvelous, hidden treasure they seek But this is not the case, for they know now with grim certainty that they will never leave here as a thunderous roar overpowers them. And before being able to react, they are burned beyond recognition by a fiery blast of intense heat from the beast. Then after a while, cryptic silence once again returns to catacombs of the DUNGEON

Ronald S Rogowski
Palantine, IL

A CANINE cartoon from Niko Vardas of Westland, MI. Niko sent a drawing of a mashed-potato monster, but somehow a cigar-smoking dog was scarier to me.



A PATSY Cline single inspired this panel from Delzant Sylvain, Paris, FRANCE.

ANOTHER ITSY bitsy comic from our Loccer of the Lowlands, John (Joke) Miller, Edinburgh, SCOTLAND.

ADAM SORENSON of Piedmont, CA, sends this sketch from his family archives.

Send your contribs (not returnable, not too long, not too big, legible doublespaced text &/or bold black art. Warning...we edit!) to:

THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S
PAGE OF FINE ARTS
RUSS COCHRAN
POB 469
WEST PLAINS MO 65775

SEAWEED

The detectives stood staring at the body stretched out in the hallway, and then the patrolman in charge came up and handed the tallest of them a sheet of paper. "We've identified him as Jack Bleeker, Sarge," he said. "And we found this paper in his pocket. Otherwise we haven't budged a thing."

The tall detective opened the folded sheet and began reading. The other detectives moved closer to get a better view of the paper:

"We killed Mike Herzog on the 16th of July, 1947," the note began. "Four of us did the job . . . Blackie Morton, Al Werner, Bing Sharkey and me, Jack Bleeker. We drove down to the beach at San Fedora about 10 o'clock that night, rowed out about a mile and dumped him overboard. His hands were tied across his chest and a slab of cement was connected to the chain we wrapped around his ankles. While he was going into the water he screamed about getting revenge on us, and the four of us had a good laugh. Mike might get us for croaking him . . . but it wouldn't be in *this* world! He began to sink in about a minute and the last thing we saw of him was his hands trying to grab the water as if to keep him afloat. A piece of seaweed had come to rest on his fingers . . . it was the last thing we saw of him. We hung around for a quarter of an hour and then we rowed back to shore.

"Six months went by and the boys separated. Blackie and Al went west . . . Bing got himself a connection in Chi . . . I stayed right here. Then I picked up the paper one day and I got the surprise of my life: they had found Blackie the night before with his throat slit open! It gave me a start . . . but it had just about slipped from my mind when I heard that Al had been discovered hanging from a rafter, dead as a cooked mackerel. And anyone who knew Al realized he wasn't the kind of guy who committed suicide!

"I began to get real fidgety, and hearing that Bing had been discovered with his head sliced off in a factory where he worked really gave me the whim-whams. Three of the original four gone . . . each guy killed violently! So I been laying low last couple of weeks. If someone *does* get me . . . you can rest assured Mike'll have a hand in it! I KNOW he's dead . . . I helped kill him myself . . . but still . . ."

The tall detective folded the soiled sheet of paper and put it carefully in his pocket. "Strangled, eh?" he mused aloud. "And we're supposed to believe it was done by a dead man!"

The men from the Morgue were dumping the corpse into the long basket, and the tall detective turned instinctively to the spot where the body had been discovered. His eyes focussed instantly on the green thing glistening there . . . it had obviously been hidden by Jack Bleeker's body before. It was like a calling card . . . that piece of wet seaweed glistening there!

YOU THINK YOU'RE SMART, DON'T YOU?
YOU THINK YOU'RE A REAL...

CONNIVER!

IT'S BEEN FIVE YEARS, NOW! FIVE MISERABLE PAINFUL YEARS OF WORKING...SWEATING...WHILE *HE'S* TAKEN ALL THE *CREDIT!* YOU *HATE* HIM... HATE EVERYTHING *ABOUT* HIM! *HE'S* THE EDITOR OF A HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL COMIC MAGAZINE, WHILE *YOU*...*TOM BROGEN*...YOU'RE ONLY THE ASSISTANT EDITOR...

GOOD MORNING, TOM! GOOD MORNING, MISS CROWN! LOVELY MORNING!

GOOD MORNING, MR. GAYNOR!

MORNIN'!

YOU WATCH HIM AS HE ENTERS HIS LUXURIOUS PRIVATE OFFICE...THE OFFICE *YOU* SHOULD BE IN! YOU WATCH HIM, AS YOU HAVE EVERY MORNING FOR THE PAST FIVE YEARS! HE OPENS HIS DESK AND TAKES OUT THE BOTTLE...THE BOTTLE OF RARE, EXPENSIVE, IMPORTED WINE...

SOMETHING YOU WANT TO *SEE* ME ABOUT, TOM? IT'LL HAVE TO *WAIT* TILL I'VE HAD MY GLASS OF LIERGE, 1918!

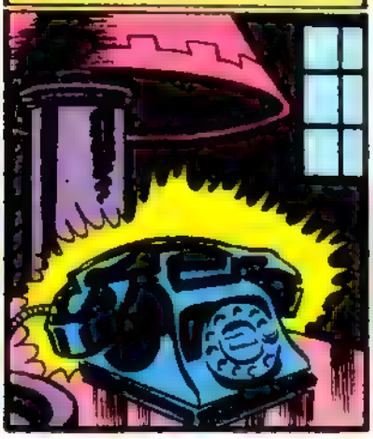
YES, MR. GAYNOR!

AS HE POURS THE AMBER LIQUID INTO A GLASS, YOU LOOK ABOUT! THE THICK RUG...THE FINE PAINTINGS...THE EXPENSIVE FURNITURE...EVERYTHING YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED...HIS! WHY? WHY? YOU'VE DONE IT! IT WAS YOUR BRAINS THAT MADE HIM...PUT THE MAGAZINE ON THE TOP...
AHHH! DELICIOUS! NOW! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU THIS MORNING, TOM?
THAT SWEET TONE! THAT FALSE ACT OF FRIENDSHIP HE PUTS ON! YOU'RE WISE TO THAT! HE WANTS WHAT HE CAN GET OUT OF YOU...THAT'S ALL...
IT'S ABOUT THE LEAD FEATURE THIS MONTH, MR. GAYNOR! I... I HAVE AN IDEA...
HE LISTENS, AS HE HAS DONE FOR FIVE YEARS, WHILE YOU OUTLINE YOUR PLOT! HE NODS HIS HEAD AND SMILES...
GREAT, TOM! NEW AND DIFFERENT! GO AHEAD WITH IT!
YES, MR. GAYNOR! THANKS!
SURE IT'S GREAT! ALL YOUR IDEAS ARE GREAT! THAT'S WHY THE MAGAZINE IS SUCH A SUCCESS! BECAUSE OF YOU...AND YOUR IDEAS! YOU GO INTO YOUR BARE LITTLE OFFICE AND SIT DOWN AT YOUR DILAPIDATED DESK...
I SHOULD BE IN THERE! I SHOULD BE SITTING AT THAT THOUSAND-DOLLAR DESK! I SHOULD BE DRINKING THAT IMPORTED WINE!
HE TAKES THE CREDIT FOR ALL MY WORK! WHEN SALES SOAR, THEY SLAP HIS BACK... RAISE HIS SALARY! ME! I JUST SIT HERE WAITING FOR HIM TO DIE... SO I CAN HAVE HIS JOB! I WOULD HAVE IT, TOO! I'M NEXT IN LINE!
SUDDENLY THE IDEA CREEPS INTO YOUR BRAIN! A COLD SHUDDER RUNS DOWN YOUR SPINE! OF COURSE! IF HE SHOULD DIE...YOU'RE NEXT IN LINE! BUT...HOW... HOW...
I'VE GOT TO FIGURE OUT A WAY! FIGURE OUT A WAY TO...TO GET RID OF HIM...
MISS CROWN INFORMS YOU THAT PAUL LEWIS IS WAITING TO SEE YOU! PAUL LEWIS IS ONE OF YOUR ARTISTS! HE'S DELIVERING A COMPLETED JOB! THE LAST ONE HE'LL BE DOING FOR A WHILE! PAUL IS GOING TO BE MARRIED! YOUR BRAIN WHIRLS! THIS IS IT...
COME IN, PAUL! COME IN!
HY, MR. BROGEN! HERE'S THE JOB! RIGHT ON TIME, TOO!
2

YOU GAZE AT THE PAGES, BUT YOUR EYES SEE NOTHING! YOUR MIND IS MILES AWAY! YOUR MIND IS ON... MURDER!
SIT DOWN, PAUL! THE STUFF LOOKS GREAT! REALLY GREAT! I'LL TAKE IT IN TO THE BIG BOSS!
SURE THING, TOM!
YOU KNOCK ON MR. GAYNOR'S DOOR AND ENTER! HE SITS WITH HIS FEET PROPPED UP ON HIS DESK, PUFFING AN EXPENSIVE CIGAR! SOON, YOU SAY TO YOURSELF, SOON THAT WILL BE YOU THERE...
THIS STUFF LOOKS GOOD TO ME, TOM! VERY GOOD! DON'T YOU THINK?
WELL, THERE ARE SOME THINGS I THINK SHOULD BE CHANGED!
YOU GO OUT! YOU KNOW NOW EXACTLY HOW YOU'RE GOING TO DO IT! IT'LL BE SIMPLE! OH, SO SIMPLE!
WELL, TOM! WHAT'D HE SAY?
GOTTA DO SOME OF IT OVER, KID!
YOU SHOW HIM WHAT HAS TO BE DONE! CHANGE THIS... RE-DRAW THAT... ELIMINATE THOSE...
BUT, TOM! THIS'LL TAKE ME THREE DAYS! I'M SUPPOSED TO GET MARRIED TOMORROW!
SORRY, PAUL! BUT IT ISN'T ME! IT'S HIM... THE BIG BOSS!
GEE! CAROL WILL BE PLENTY MAD, TOM! POSTPONING THE WEDDING...
JUST A COUPLE OF DAYS, KID! THEN... YOU HAVE TWO WHOLE WEEKS OFF...
HE LEAVES WITH THE JOB! YOU SIT DOWN AT THE TYPEWRITER! IT'S WORKING OUT PERFECTLY! PERFECTLY! WHEN PAUL COMES IN, THREE DAYS LATER, YOU'RE READY... WITH THE NEXT STEP...
WELL, HERE IT IS.. ALL FINISHED, TOM!
YEAH, KID! SURE! SURE! ONLY... GEE, I FEEL LIKE A HEEL...
WHAT IS IT, TOM? WHAT'S WRONG?
IT ISN'T ME, PAUL! BELIEVE ME! FOR MY PART, YOU COULD TAKE OFF AND GET MARRIED THIS MINUTE! IT'S HIM! THE BIG BOSS! HE WANTS YOU TO DO ANOTHER JOB BEFORE YOU GET MARRIED AND LEAVE ON YOUR HONEYMOON...
3

JOB? CAN'T IT WAIT?
NO! IT'S THE WIND-UP FEATURE! DUE IN TWO WEEKS! THAT'S BARELY ENOUGH TIME AS IT IS!
I WON'T DO IT! I'VE POSTPONED THIS WEDDING ONCE ALREADY! TELL GAYNOR HE CAN GO TO....
PAUL! DON'T BE A FOOL! THIS JOB CAN MAKE YOU! QUIT ON GAYNOR AND HE'LL FOUL YOU UP AT EVERY PUBLISHING JOINT IN TOWN!
BUT, CAROL! SHE'LL BE MAD AS HOPS! WHAT'LL I TELL HER?
TELL HER THE TRUTH! IF SHE LOVES YOU, SHE'LL WAIT! GEE, KID! IF IT WAS UP TO ME... BUT... YOU KNOW... THE BIG BOSS...
YOU WATCH HIM AS HE LEAVES... RED-FACED AND ANGRY! IT'S REALLY WORKING OUT BETTER THAN YOU EXPECTED! YOU DIDN'T KNOW THE KID HAD SUCH A TEMPER! THAT NIGHT...
YES?
HELLO, CAROL! REMEMBER ME... TOM BROGEN... PAUL'S EDITOR? HE... HE'S ASKED ME TO DO HIM A FAVOR!
SHE'S A SWEET KID! SURE SHE REMEMBERS YOU! PAUL'S SPOKEN ABOUT YOU SO OFTEN! SHE INVITES YOU IN...
I... I'M AWFULLY SORRY ABOUT THAT JOB HE HAS TO DO, CAROL! IT...
I KNOW, MR. BROGEN! IT WASN'T YOUR FAULT! PAUL TOLD ME! NOW, WHAT'S THE FAVOR PAUL ASKED YOU TO DO?
YOU TELL HER TO GET HER HAT... THAT YOU'RE TAKING HER TO A MOVIE! THAT PAUL ASKED YOU TO TAKE HER! AT FIRST SHE OBJECTS... BUT THEN...
ALL RIGHT, MR. BROGEN! I'D LOVE A MOVIE! PAUL'S BEEN SO BUSY LATELY, HE HASN'T HAD TIME TO TAKE ME OUT!
GOOD! C'MON!
YOU TAKE HER TO A LOCAL THEATER! AFTER THE FIRST PICTURE, YOU EXCUSE YOURSELF AND GO TO A PHONE BOOTH! YOU CALL PAUL LEWIS AT HIS STUDIO...
YES? WHO'S THIS? OH! MR. BROGEN!
PAUL? LISTEN! I... I DON'T KNOW HOW TO TELL YOU THIS! IT... IT'S ABOUT GAYNOR! I SAW HIM... TONIGHT... WITH YOUR GIRL! I JUST THOUGHT I'D WARN YOU!

YOU HANG UP AND GO BACK TO YOUR SEAT! YOU SMILE TO YOURSELF! YOU CAN SEE THE PHONE IN CAROL'S EMPTY DARK APARTMENT... RINGING... RINGING... AND SHE NOT THERE TO ANSWER...



AFTER THE MOVIE YOU TAKE CAROL HOME! THEN YOU GO TO SEE PAUL...

LISTEN, PAUL! IT BOTHERED ME ALL EVENING! FORGET IT! I HAD TO COME OVER... GOT UP OUT OF BED! I MUST HAVE BEEN MISTAKEN! DON'T... DON'T DO ANYTHING YOU'LL BE SORRY FOR!
YOU MEAN ACCUSE CAROL? DON'T WORRY! I'M NOT THAT DUMB!

PERFECT! EVERYTHING IS WORKING OUT PERFECTLY! THE NEXT NIGHT YOU PICK UP CAROL AGAIN! YOU TELL HER THAT MR. GAYNOR IS HAVING A COCKTAIL PARTY! THAT YOU WANT TO TAKE HER...

GAYNOR ACTUALLY *HAS* ASKED YOU OVER TO HIS PLACE! IT'S A SMALL PARTY AND BREAKS UP EARLY! YOU AND CAROL ARE THE LAST TO GO! IT'S ALL WORKING OUT FINE...

WHAT'S WRONG, TOM? FORGET SOMETHING?
OH, *HECK!* THOSE ADVANCE COLOR PROOFS CAME IN! I WANTED YOU TO OKAY THEM SO THEY COULD GET OUT *EARLY* TOMORROW! SAY, *I KNOW!* I'LL RUN UP TO THE OFFICE AND *GET* THEM...

THEY OBJECT BUT YOU RUSH OFF, NOT HEARING THEM! HAH! *ALONE!* THE *TWO OF THEM!* PERFECT... PERFECT! YOU GO STRAIGHT TO PAUL'S STUDIO...

IT'S GAYNOR! I *KNOW NOW* WHY HE MADE THOSE *CHANGES*... WHY HE GAVE YOU THAT *RUSH JOB* TO DO! HE WANTS TO *KEEP POSTPONING* YOUR *WEDDING!* HE WANTS *CAROL* FOR *HIMSELF!*
WHAT? WHY.. I... I'D *KILL* HIM IF I WERE SURE WHAT YOU ARE SAYING IS *TRUE!*

YOU PRESS THE *GUN* YOU HAD BROUGHT WITH YOU INTO PAUL'S HAND AND WHISPER ...

THEY'RE *TOGETHER, NOW!* IN HIS *PENTHOUSE APARTMENT!* 420 PARK AVENUE! *SEE FOR YOURSELF!*

I'LL KILL HIM!

YOU GO HOME! YOU WAIT ABOUT AN HOUR AND THEN CALL GAYNOR'S PRIVATE NUMBER! THERE'S NO ANSWER! YOU CAN SEE HIM... LYING THERE ON HIS DEEP-PILE RUG... *DEAD*...

THE NEXT MORNING YOU GET TO THE OFFICE EARLY! THIS IS GOING TO BE A GREAT *DAY* FOR YOU! TODAY, *YOU... TOM BROGEN*... WILL BE MOVED INTO GAYNOR'S LUXURIOUS OFFICE! YOU OPEN THE *DOOR*...

EDITOR

THEY'LL FIND HIS BODY... AND YOU'LL BE TOP MAN NOW! *TOP MAN!* THE PLACE YOU SHOULD HAVE HAD THESE PAST FIVE YEARS! YOU SIT DOWN AT THE THOUSAND-DOLLAR DESK... PROP UP YOUR FEET... LIGHT ONE OF HIS EXPENSIVE CIGARS! ALL YOURS! *ALL YOURS*... EVEN... EVEN...

EVEN THIS RARE IMPORTED WINE!

YOU POUR OUT A GLASS AND DRINK IT DOWN! IT TASTES WARM... SWEET! YOU POUR YOURSELF ANOTHER... AND ANOTHER...

YOU GET UP! YOU HEAR THE FRONT DOOR RATTLING! YOU DON'T WANT TO BE CAUGHT IN GAYNOR'S OFFICE! YOU STEP OUT! IT MUST BE MISS CROWN... EARLY TOO! YOU OPEN THE DOOR FOR HER...

LEWIS? WHAT ARE *YOU* DOING HERE?

I CAME *BACK!* I *CHANGED MY MIND!*

CHANGED YOUR *MIND*, PAUL? WHAT DO YOU *MEAN?* DIDN'T YOU *KILL GAYNOR* LAST NIGHT? DIDN'T YOU *SEE* HIM WITH CAROL... *ALONE*... IN HIS APARTMENT?

SURE! I *SAW* THEM! AND I PLANNED ON *KILLING* HIM! BUT *NOW*... I'VE *CHANGED* MY MIND!

THE *GUN!* DIDN'T YOU *SHOOT* HIM WITH THE *GUN* I GAVE YOU?

NO! I HAD A *BETTER* SCHEME! BUT I'VE *LOST MY NERVE!* THAT'S WHY I'M *HERE!* LAST NIGHT, *AFTER* I SPIED ON THEM AT HIS APARTMENT, I CAME *HERE*... AND *POISONED GAYNOR'S IMPORTED WINE!*

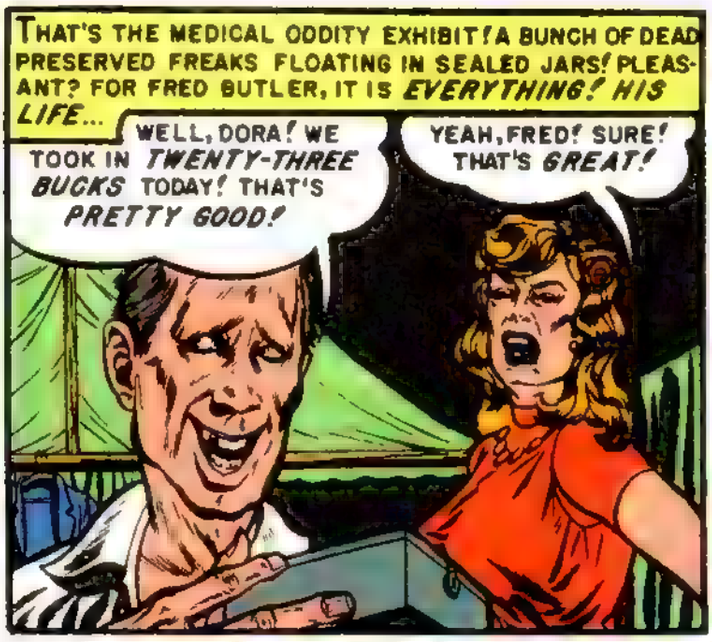
THINGS BEGIN TO SPIN BEFORE YOU! HE... THE WINE... PAUL... POISONED... YOU KNOW... IT IS...

THE END

THE HAUNT OF FEAR

HEE, HEE! WELL... MY CAULDRON IS BUBBLING AND STEAMING, SO COME IN, DEAR READER! WELCOME TO THE HAUNT OF FEAR! I AM THE OLD WITCH, YOUR HOSTESS IN HORROR! IN EACH ISSUE OF THIS MAGAZINE I BREW A TALE OF TERROR HERE IN MY CAULDRON! THIS TASTY THRILLER I AM ABOUT TO DISH OUT IS GUARANTEED TO MAKE YOUR BLOOD RUN COLD AND SEND LITTLE SHIVERS UP AND DOWN YOUR SPINE! I CALL IT...
HEADS-UP!*
* I SEE THAT OLD COOT, THE CRYPT-KEEPER, TOLD A CARNIVAL TALE IN MY BOOK, THE HAUNT OF FEAR! HERE'S MY CARNY HORROR STORY! I'M SURE IT WILL TOP HIS!
MY STORY BEGINS AT A CARNIVAL, A SEEDY TWO-BIT JOB! YOU KNOW THE KIND... WITH THE USUAL RIDES, GAMES AND PHONY EXHIBITS...
HERE Y'ARE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! EVERY GAME A WINNER! VALUABLE PRIZES... STEP RIGHT UP...
YOU'RE JUST IN TIME, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! THE SHOW IS ABOUT TO BEGIN! LOVELY DANCING GIRLS IN EXOTIC COSTUMES! ON THE INSIDE... RIGHT THIS WAY...

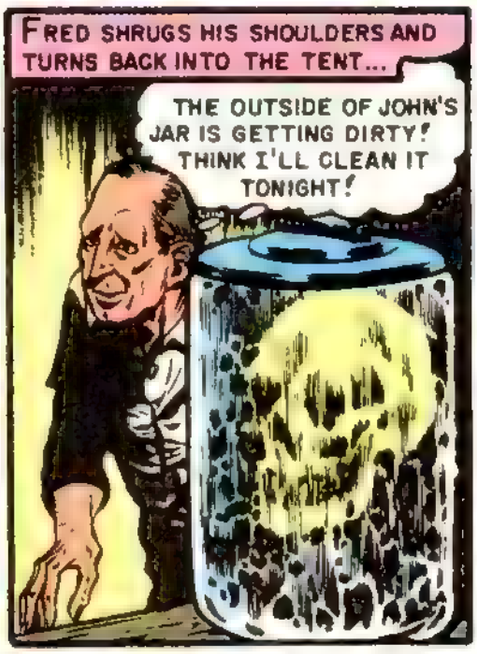
YES! THIS CARNIVAL IS JUST LIKE ALL THE REST! WHEELS OF FORTUNE, A GIRLIE SHOW, A FREAK SHOW, AND A PARTICULAR SHOW WHICH IS THE FOCAL POINT OF MY TALE! THE MEDICAL ODDITY EXHIBIT...
ALL REAL, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! A $1,000 REWARD IF YOU CAN PROVE ANY SPECIMEN IS A PHONY! STEP RIGHT UP...SEE THE FOUR-ARMED BABY...THE BOY WITH THREE LEGS... ALL... ON THE INSIDE!
10¢
10¢
SOUND INTERESTING? WANT TO SEE WHAT IT'S LIKE? SURELY! COME ALONG! WE'LL MOVE INSIDE WITH THE PAYING CUSTOMERS...
HERE YOU ARE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! ALL REAL AS I CLAIMED! ALL PRESERVED INTACT IN THESE VARIOUS JARS AND TANKS! HERE'S JOLO, THE FOUR-ARMED BABY! LIVED TWO MONTHS...
...AND TRITO, THE THREE-LEGGED BOY! HE DIED AT THE AGE OF TWO YEARS! NOW... IF YOU'LL MOVE ALONG...
TR
THREE
DISAPPOINTING, ISN'T IT? YOU EXPECTED TO SEE REAL 'LIVE' SPECIMENS, NOT PICKLED ONES, EH? WELL, THAT'S WHAT CARNY'S ARE LIKE...
...AND THAT IS THE LAST ODDITY, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!
AH, WE WUZ ROBBED!
THEY'RE ALL IN JARS!
AND NOW FOR THE 'PIÈCE DE RÉSISTANCE'... THE FEATURE EXHIBIT... THE ONLY ONE OF ITS KIND ANYWHERE! BEHIND THESE CURTAINS IS JOHN PUKYEVS... THE ONLY HUMAN BEING THAT EVER LIVED TO MATURITY... WITH TWO HEADS! NOW FOR ANOTHER TEN CENTS... ONE THIN DIME... YOU MAY PASS THROUGH THE CURTAINS AND VIEW HIM...
THE OLD ROUTINE! ANOTHER DIME TO SEE THE EXHIBIT IN THE BACK! SOME SUCKERS PAY THE TEN CENTS AND GO FOR A LOOK...WHILE OTHERS LEAVE GRUMBLING...
DON'T LEAVE, FOLKS! FOLLOW THE LUCKY PEOPLE WHO ARE ENTERING INTO THE GREATEST EXPERIENCE OF THEIR LIVES! TWO HEADS, MIND YOU! EACH PERFECTLY DEVELOPED! A MATURE MAN...NOT A BABY... TEN CENTS... ONE DIME...
JOHN PUKYEVS TWO HEADS
10¢
DON'T GET EXCITED! JOHN PUKYEVS ISN'T ALIVE, EITHER! HE'S ANOTHER PICKLED SPECIMEN! LIKE TO SEE? LET'S JUST PASS THROUGH THE CURTAINS INTO THE BACK EXHIBIT HALL! THERE! SEE! A FULL SIZED MAN FLOATING IN A TREMENDOUS JAR OF FORMALDEHYDE... WITH TWO HEADS...
YES, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! THIS SPECIMEN WAS SHIPPED TO ME FROM INNER MONGOLIA! JOHN WAS BORN AND LIVED IN EASTERN SIBERIA! WHEN HE DIED AT 32...
JOHN PUKYEVS
2

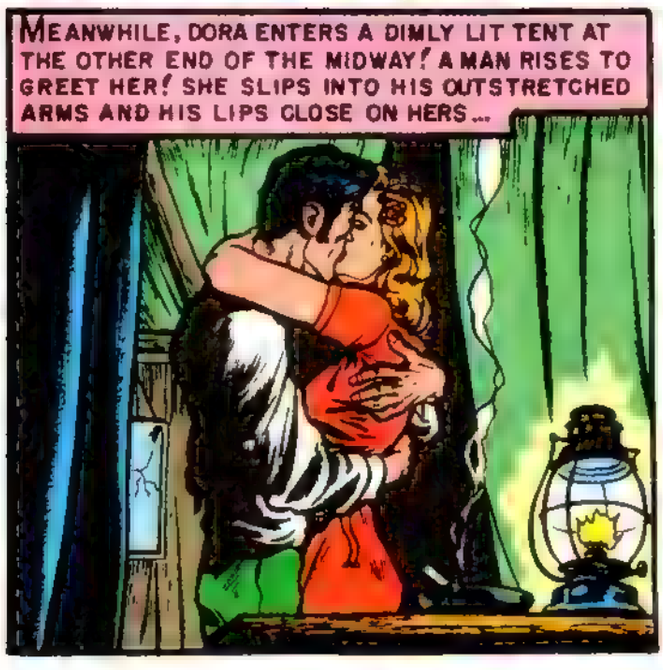

THAT'S THE MEDICAL ODDITY EXHIBIT! A BUNCH OF DEAD PRESERVED FREAKS FLOATING IN SEALED JARS! PLEASANT? FOR FRED BUTLER, IT IS EVERYTHING! HIS LIFE...
WELL, DORA! WE TOOK IN TWENTY-THREE BUCKS TODAY! THAT'S PRETTY GOOD!
YEAH, FRED! SURE! THAT'S GREAT!

WHAT'S WRONG, DORA? YOU SOUND... ANGRY!
ANGRY? HAH! THAT'S A LAUGH! I'M DISGUSTED! DISGUSTED WITH YOU AND THIS WHOLE LOUSY EXHIBIT! JARS... JARS...

DORA! THEY'RE EVERYTHING WE'VE GOT! OUR BREAD AND BUTTER...
THEN YOU EAT THEM! I'M THROUGH!

DORA, FRED'S LOVING WIFE, STORMS FROM THEIR TENT AND SAUNTERS UP THE DARKENED MIDWAY! FRED WATCHES AS SHE DISAPPEARS INTO THE GLOOM...
WHAT'S GOT INTO HER?

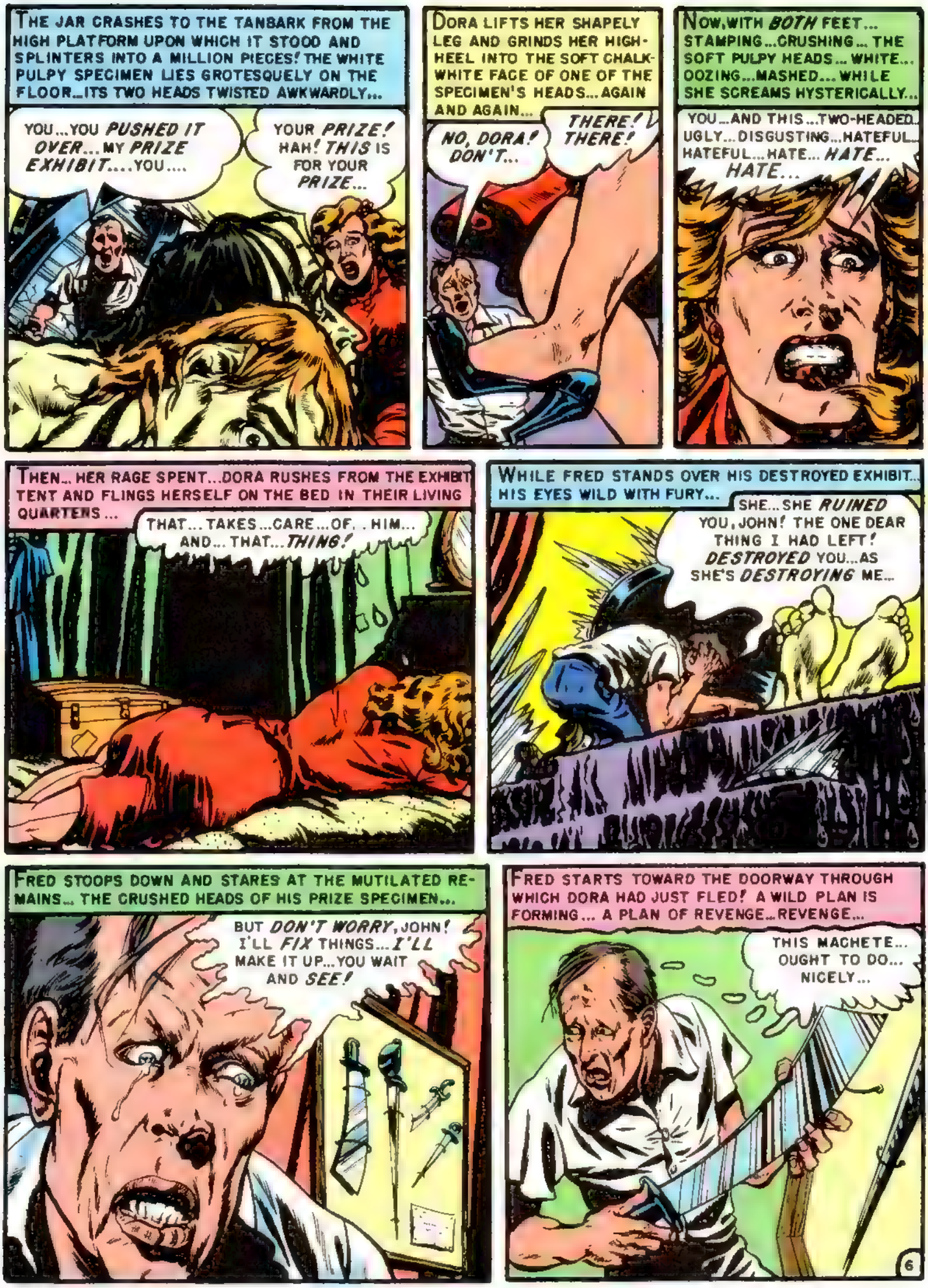

FRED SHRUGS HIS SHOULDERS AND TURNS BACK INTO THE TENT...
THE OUTSIDE OF JOHN'S JAR IS GETTING DIRTY! THINK I'LL CLEAN IT TONIGHT!


MEANWHILE, DORA ENTERS A DIMLY LIT TENT AT THE OTHER END OF THE MIDWAY! A MAN RISES TO GREET HER! SHE SLIPS INTO HIS OUTSTRETCHED ARMS AND HIS LIPS CLOSE ON HERS...

HONEY! WHAT'S UP? YOU'RE SHAKING LIKE A LEAF!
IT'S ALL FINISHED! I'M THROUGH WITH HIM FOR GOOD! I WALKED OUT ON FRED, TONIGHT, HAL! TOLD HIM I'M QUITTIN'!
3

YOU FOOL! WHAT'D YOU GO AND DO THAT FOR?
'CAUSE I CAN'T STAND HIM ANY LONGER! HIM AND THOSE STINKIN' JARS!
DID YOU TELL HIM ABOUT US... ME?
NO! I JUST TOLD HIM I WAS DISGUSTED... THROUGH... AND WALKED OUT!
GOOD! THEN HE DOESN'T SUSPECT! NOW, LISTEN! GET THIS STRAIGHT! YOU'RE GOING BACK... NOW WAIT A MINUTE... DON'T GET MAD! LISTEN TO MY PLAN! WHY WALK OUT ON HIM? WHY LEAVE HIM AND HIS JARS WHEN WE CAN HAVE THE EXHIBIT? AFTER ALL... YOU'RE HIS WIFE! HIS PROPERTY BECOMES YOURS WHEN... WHEN HE DIES!
HEE, HEE! SO THE PLOT THICKENS, EH, DEAR READER! NOW HAL AND DORA ARE PLANNING TO MURDER FRED! AND ALL THIS TIME HE'S SCRUBBING TWO-HEADED JOHN'S BIG JAR...
SHE... SHE'LL COME BACK! SHE... SHE WOULDN'T WALK OUT ON ME! SHE'LL GET OVER IT! SHE'LL TAKE HER USUAL WALK AND...
...AND... AND... HER... USUAL... WALK! I... I WONDER WHERE SHE GOES TO WHEN SHE... TAKES HER USUAL WALK!
FRED TOSSES THE WET RAG THAT HE'S SCRUBBING THE JAR WITH INTO THE PAIL AND MOVES OUT OF THE TENT ONTO THE DARKENED MIDWAY...
SHE WENT DOWN THIS WAY...
VALLEY OF FEAR
10¢
HE WALKS ON PAST DARKENED TENTS, AND THEN, SUDDENLY, ON THE ILLUMINATED WALL OF ONE, FRED SEES THE SILHOUETTE OF A MAN AND WOMAN EMBRACING! HE EDGES CLOSER... LISTENING...
YOU'VE GOT TO GO BACK NOW, DORA, BEFORE...
JUST ONE MORE KISS... HAL...
DORA!

DUMBFOUNDED BY HIS SHOCKING DISCOVERY, FRED STANDS ROOTED TO THE SPOT OUTSIDE HAL'S TENT... LISTENING...
THERE'LL BE PLENTY OF TIME FOR KISSES WHEN HE'S OUT OF THE WAY!
LET'S DO IT TONIGHT, HAL!
ICY FINGERS OF HORROR CLUTCH AT FRED'S RACING HEART! THEY'RE PLANNING TO MURDER HIM! HE LISTENS ON...
NO...WE'LL WAIT TILL THE TIME IS RIGHT! THERE MUSTN'T BE ANY HITCH!
MAKE IT SOON, THEN! I CAN'T STAND LIVING WITH HIM MUCH LONGER!
HEARTBROKEN, FRED TURNS FROM THE TENT AND MAKES HIS WAY SLOWLY BACK UP THE DARK SILENT MIDWAY...
SHE...SHE'S BEEN TWO-TIMING ME ALL THE TIME! BEEN SEEING THAT HAL GUY ALL THE TIME SHE TOOK THOSE WALKS! SHE... SHE HATES ME...
DAZEDLY, FRED STUMBLES INTO HIS TENT! HE MOVES TOWARD THE HUGE JAR CONTAINING THE TWO-HEADED SPECIMEN...
YOU...JOHN! YOU'RE...THE ONLY THING I HAVE LEFT! THE ONE THING LEFT THAT IS DEAR TO ME...THAT HAS NOT BETRAYED ME...
FRED SITS STARING AT THE LIFELESS PASTY COLORED FORM OF THE TWO-HEADED FREAK FLOATING IN THE JAR! HE MUMBLES ON...
FRED! I...I CAME BACK TO APOLOGIZE... FOR TONIGHT!
ONLY DEAR THING LEFT... TRUE FRIEND...ALL ELSE... FINISHED...BETRAYED...CHEATED..
FRED! ARE YOU LISTENING? I SAID I APOLOGIZE FOR BLOWING MY TOP, TONIGHT! TURN AROUND... DO YOU HEAR? STOP STARING AT THAT DISGUSTING THING!
JOHN...MY ONE DEAR THING LEFT... FLOATING... WHITE... CLEAN.. TRUE...
FRED! DO YOU HEAR ME? I...I...THAT HORRIBLE TWO-HEADED MONSTER! I HATE IT... HATE IT!!
FRED STARES WIDE-EYED AT THE JAR AS IT TOPPLES TOWARD HIM! SUDDENLY HE COMES TO HIS SENSES...
DORA! NO! DON'T!
HATE IT! HATE IT!
5


THE JAR CRASHES TO THE TANBARK FROM THE HIGH PLATFORM UPON WHICH IT STOOD AND SPLINTERS INTO A MILLION PIECES! THE WHITE PULPY SPECIMEN LIES GROTESQUELY ON THE FLOOR...ITS TWO HEADS TWISTED AWKWARDLY...
YOU...YOU PUSHED IT OVER...MY PRIZE EXHIBIT....YOU....
YOUR PRIZE! HAH! THIS IS FOR YOUR PRIZE...
DORA LIFTS HER SHAPELY LEG AND GRINDS HER HIGH-HEEL INTO THE SOFT CHALK-WHITE FACE OF ONE OF THE SPECIMEN'S HEADS...AGAIN AND AGAIN...
NO, DORA! DON'T...
THERE! THERE!
NOW, WITH BOTH FEET... STAMPING...CRUSHING... THE SOFT PULPY HEADS... WHITE... OOZING...MASHED... WHILE SHE SCREAMS HYSTERICALLY...
YOU...AND THIS...TWO-HEADED UGLY...DISGUSTING...HATEFUL... HATEFUL...HATE... HATE... HATE...
THEN... HER RAGE SPENT...DORA RUSHES FROM THE EXHIBIT TENT AND FLINGS HERSELF ON THE BED IN THEIR LIVING QUARTERS...
THAT...TAKES...CARE...OF. . HIM... AND... THAT...THING!
WHILE FRED STANDS OVER HIS DESTROYED EXHIBIT... HIS EYES WILD WITH FURY...
SHE...SHE RUINED YOU, JOHN! THE ONE DEAR THING I HAD LEFT! DESTROYED YOU...AS SHE'S DESTROYING ME...
FRED STOOPS DOWN AND STARES AT THE MUTILATED REMAINS... THE CRUSHED HEADS OF HIS PRIZE SPECIMEN...
BUT DON'T WORRY, JOHN! I'LL FIX THINGS...I'LL MAKE IT UP...YOU WAIT AND SEE!
FRED STARTS TOWARD THE DOORWAY THROUGH WHICH DORA HAD JUST FLED! A WILD PLAN IS FORMING... A PLAN OF REVENGE...REVENGE...
THIS MACHETE... OUGHT TO DO... NICELY...
6

A SHARP CRY IS HEARD... BUT IT IS CUT SHORT BY A DULL THUD! THEN SILENCE! A FIGURE MOVES DOWN THE DESERTED MIDWAY! HE CARRIES A SACK... AND A SHINY MACHETE...

HE ENTERS THE TENT BEFORE WHICH HE HAD STOOD EARLIER IN THE EVENING! A CRY OF DISMAY ENDS SUDDENLY AS STEEL SINGS THROUGH THE AIR... THUDDING AGAINST FLESH AND BONE! THEN THE FIGURE RETURNS UP THE MIDWAY... THE SACK BULGING NOW...

HE ENTERS THE TENT MARKED 'MEDICAL ODDITIES'... AND FOR HOURS AFTER, A LIGHT BURNS DIMLY WITHIN! OCCASIONALLY, A LAUGH IS HEARD... A FIENDISH LAUGH...

HEH HEH HA-HAH!

THE NEXT MORNING, EVERYTHING AT THE CARNY IS NORMAL! EXCEPT THAT DORA AND HAL ARE NOWHERE AROUND...

RAN OFF TOGETHER! THEY'VE BEEN CARRYIN' ON BEHIND FRED'S BACK FOR *MONTHS!*

POOR FRED! IT'LL BREAK HIS HEART! NOW, ALL HE HAS LEFT IS HIS SPECIMENS... IN HIS JARS...

YES! THE CARNY FOLKS WILL NEVER QUESTION DORA AND HAL'S DISAPPEARANCE! AND THE PAYING CUSTOMERS THAT COME TO FRED'S 'MEDICAL ODDITORIUM'...

BEHIND THESE CURTAINS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IS JOHN PUKYEVS... THE *ONLY* HUMAN BEING THAT *EVER LIVED* TO *MATURITY*... *WITH TWO HEADS*...

...THEY'LL NEVER NOTICE... AS THEY GAZE AT JOHN FLOATING IN THE JAR OF FORMALDEHYDE... THAT THE BLONDE-HAIRED HEAD IS SLIGHTLY FEMININE IN FEATURES... THAT THERE ARE TRACES OF LIPSTICK ON THE PASTY COLORED LIPS... AND THAT FRED DID A RATHER CRUDE SEWING JOB ON THE NECK OF THE DARK-HAIRED HEAD...

...LIVED AND DIED IN EASTERN SIBERIA! JOHN WAS SHIPPED TO ME THROUGH INNER MONGOLIA. WHEN HE DIED, HE WAS 32...

HEE, HEE! AND THAT'S MY TALE, DEAR READERS! I HOPE THE FINISH DIDN'T *JAR* YOU! FRED'S DISCOVERY OF DORA'S INFIDELITY FINALLY BROUGHT THINGS TO A *HEAD!* WELL, AFTER ALL, HOW MUCH *CRUSHING PAIN* CAN A MAN BEAR BEFORE HE *SEVERS* RELATIONSHIP, EH? HEE, HEE! OH, BY THE WAY! IF THIS PARTICULAR CARNIVAL COMES TO *YOUR* TOWN, LOOK FOR FREDDY'S LITTLE EXHIBIT! DORA AND HAL, YOU CAN BE SURE, WILL BE THERE *AHEAD* OF YOU! SEE YOU AGAIN IN *THE HAUNT OF FEAR!*

YOU SAY IT'S A 45-MINUTE BUS TRIP, WITH A TRANSFER, TO THE COMIC BOOK SHOP? YOU SAY IT'S A HARROWING 30-MINUTE DRIVE ON THE EXPRESSWAY TO THE MALL, AND THEN A 30-MINUTE MERRY-GO-ROUND RIDE TO FIND A PARKING PLACE? YOU SAY YOUR TOWN DOESN'T EVEN **HAVE** A COMIC BOOK SHOP OR BOOKSTORE? IS THAT WHAT'S TROUBLING YOU, BUNKY? WELL, THEN, YOU SHOULD...

SUBSCRIBE!

TO RUSS COCHRAN'S REPRINTS OF THE ORIGINAL 1950s **EC** COMICS! LEAVE THE WORRIES TO US, AND **GET OUT** AND TAKE **A WALK IN THE SUN!!**

DIRECT FROM THE PUBLISHER TO YOU, IN A HANDSOME, STURDY MANILA ENVELOPE MAILED FLAT TO YOUR OWN MAILBOX!

RUSS COCHRAN, PUBLISHER
PO BOX 469
WEST PLAINS, MO 65775
417-256-2224
or call 1-800-EC CRYPT

MasterCard VISA

ALL SUBS START WITH "NEXT" ISSUE

START MY 4-ISSUE SUBSCRIPTION TO THE FOLLOWING **EC COMICS:**

- ☐ **CRYPT**
- ☐ **VAULT**
- ☐ **HAUNT**
- ☐ **WEIRD SCIENCE**
- ☐ **WEIRD FANTASY**
- ☐ **WEIRD Sci-Fan**
- ☐ **SHOCK**
- ☐ **CRIME**
- ☐ **TWO-FISTED**

NAME & ADDRESS:

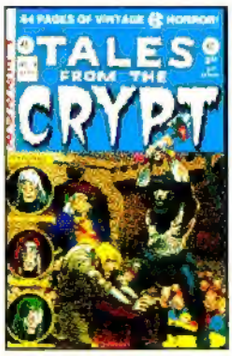
REMIT $8 EACH ($12 OUTSIDE US IN US FUNDS)
MISSOURI RESIDENTS MUST ADD 6.225% SALES TAX

LOSE YOUR SCISSORS? USE YOUR OWN PAPER!

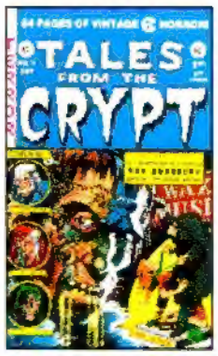
GET ANY OR ALL. . .

. . .OF THESE **EC COMICS** FROM **RUSS COCHRAN'S** REPRINT LINE! THE ENTIRE BACKLIST IS **STILL AVAILABLE** AND READY TO SHIP TO YOU! **NOW** IS THE TIME TO REVIEW YOUR COLLECTION AND FILL IN THOSE GAPS.

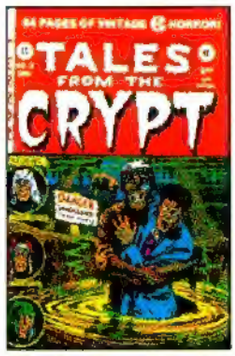
AND, WE ARE PLEASED TO BE ABLE TO OFFER TWO ISSUES FROM **EAST COAST'S** E.C. CLASSIC REPRINT LINE OF THE MID-70s. QUANTITY IS **VERY** LIMITED ON THESE, **FIRST COME-FIRST SERVED** ON THESE 32 PAGE COMICS.



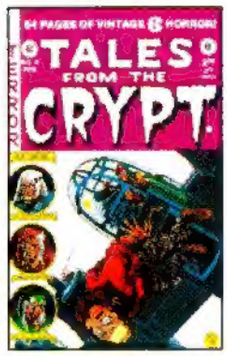
RCP CRYPT #1



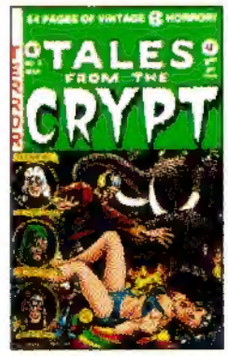
RCP CRYPT #2



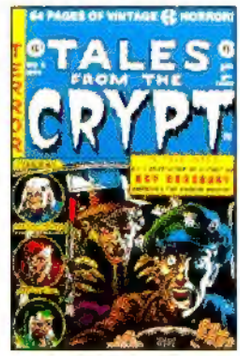
RCP CRYPT #3



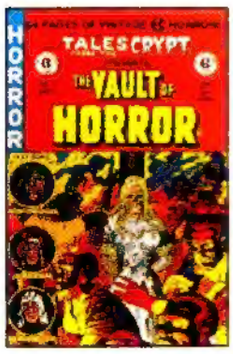
RCP CRYPT #4



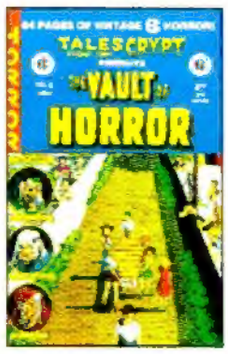
RCP CRYPT #5



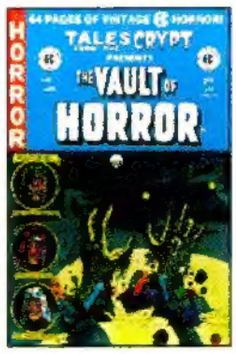
RCP CRYPT #6



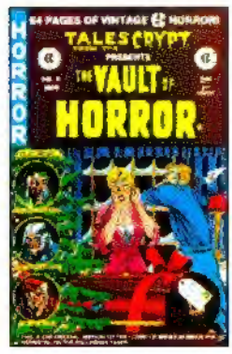
RCP VAULT #1



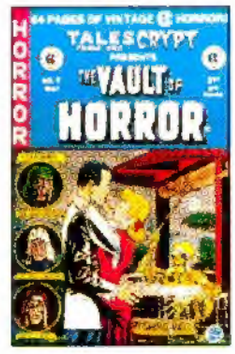
RCP VAULT #2



RCP VAULT #3



RCP VAULT #4

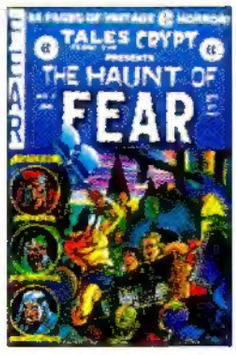


RCP VAULT #5

EAST COAST #11

RCP HAUNT #1

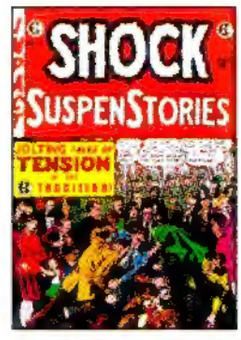
RCP HAUNT #2



RCP HAUNT #3

RCP HAUNT #4

RCP HAUNT #5



EAST COAST #12

RCP CRYPT
#1: CRYPT 31 (1952) CRIME 12 (1952)
#2: CRYPT 34 (1952) CRIME 15 (1952)
#3: CRYPT 24 (1951) CRIME 21 (1954)
#4: CRYPT 43 (1954) CRIME 18 (1953)
#5: CRYPT 32 (1952) CRIME 23 (1954)
#6: CRYPT 36 (1953) CRIME 6 (1951)

RCP VAULT
#1: VAULT 28 (1952) W SCI 18 (1952)
#2: VAULT 33 (1953) W SCI 20 (1953)
#3: VAULT 26 (1952) W SCI 7 (1951)
#4: VAULT 35 (1954) W SCI 15 (1952)
#5: VAULT 18 (1951) W SCI 11 (1951)

RCP HAUNT
#1: HAUNT 14 (1952) W FAN 13 (1952)
#2: HAUNT 18 (1953) W FAN 14 (1952)
#3: HAUNT 19 (1953) W FAN 18 (1953)
#4: HAUNT 16 (1952) W FAN 15 (1952)
#5: HAUNT 27 (1954) W FAN 22 (1953)

CONTENTS OF EAST COAST COMICS
#11 W SCI 12 (1950) 32 page issue
#12 SHOCK 2 (1952) 32 page issue

WHEN ORDERING PLEASE IDENTIFY AS **RCP** (OR **EAST COAST**) **TITLE ISSUE #**; FOR EXAMPLE "**RCP CRYPT #1.**" RCP CRYPT #1 IS $5., RCP CRYPT #2-4, RCP VAULT #1-3 AND RCP HAUNT #1-5 ARE $2. EACH; ALL OTHER ISSUES ARE $3. EACH. EAST COASTs ARE $10 EACH. INCLUDE $2 PER ORDER FOR S&H ($3 OUTSIDE US).

Send orders to: MasterCard VISA Missouri residents must add 6.225% sales tax

Russ Cochran, Publisher 417-256-2224 P.O. Box 469 West Plains, MO 65775

OR to order call **1-800-EC-CRYPT** and ask for the order desk. **USE THIS NUMBER FOR ORDERS ONLY!**

THE COMPLETE EC LIBRARY

WEIRD SCIENCE, 4 vols, $90.
WEIRD FANTASY, 4 vols, $90.
WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY, 2 vols, $55.

CRYPT, 5 vols, $110.
VAULT, 5 vols, $110.

CRIME, 5 vols, $110.
SHOCK, 3 vols, $70.

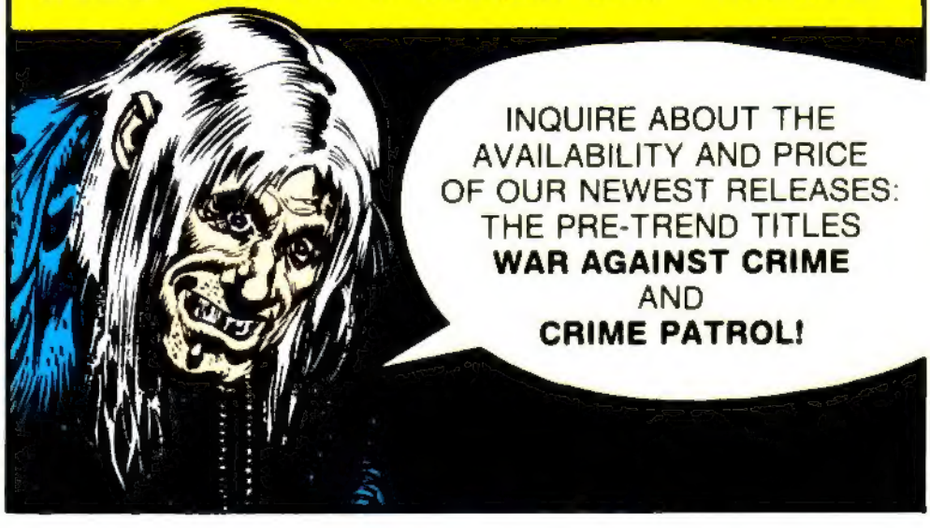
PANIC, 2 vols, $50.

TWO-FISTED, 4 vols, $90.

New Direction 1, 3 vols, $70.
(VALOR, M.D., IMPACT)

New Direction 2, 4 vols, $95.
(PIRACY, ACES HIGH, PSYCHOANALYSIS, EXTRA!)

THE CRYPT-KEEPER SAYS:


INQUIRE ABOUT THE AVAILABILITY AND PRICE OF OUR NEWEST RELEASES: THE PRE-TREND TITLES
WAR AGAINST CRIME
AND
CRIME PATROL!

EC Library volumes are available individually at $20 each; except **PIRACY** and **W S-F** Vol One, which are $25 each. All prices ppd in US, add $20 per set ($5 per volume) outside US.

Beginning in the mid-70s, Russ Cochran has been reprinting the entire **EC Comics** line by title, from first issue to last, in hardbound, smythe-sewn books. The **Complete EC Library** sets reprint each story page, locol, house ad and text piece exactly as it appeared in the original comic, in black and white on white offset stock. The covers are in full four-color, and copious annotations by EC scholars appear throughout the series.

These sturdy, complete, permanent reference works are boxed by title in deluxe, illustrated slipcases. Each 9 by 12 inch volume reprints about six comic books.

Send orders to: US funds only Missouri residents must add 6.225% sales tax
RUSS COCHRAN **417-256-2224** **POB 469** **WEST PLAINS MO 65775**
or to order call **1-800-EC CRYPT** and ask for the order desk. **USE THIS NUMBER FOR ORDERS ONLY!**

Printed in U.S.A.